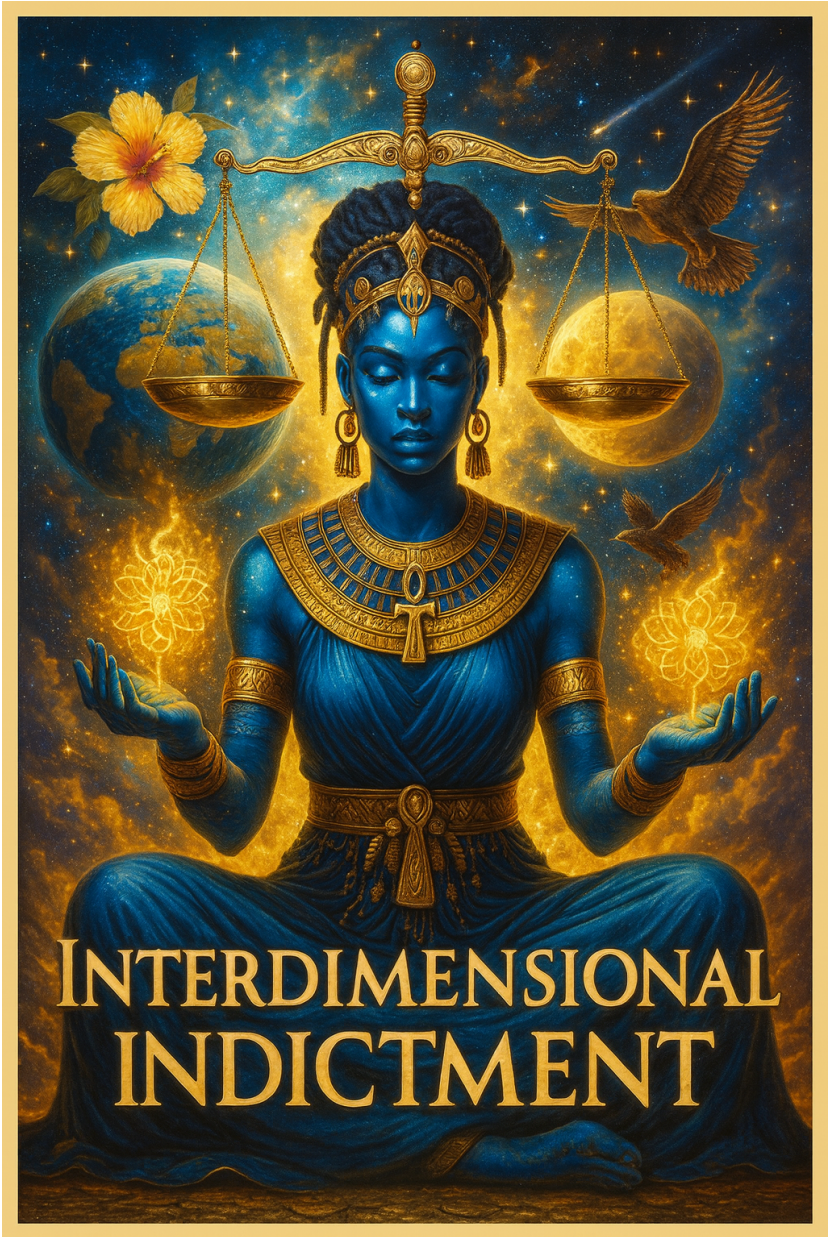
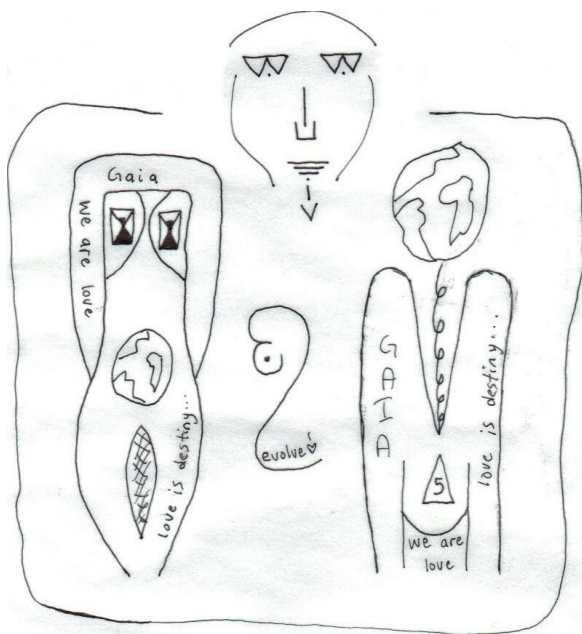




Interdimensional Indictment



Truth is my Compass,
& Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth
only births havoc within the self.*

ZISA AZIZA

NEGRESS OF SATURN'S DEEDS

NEGRESSOFSATURN.COM

TRUTHS89.COM

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GIFT ARTIST DIRECTLY

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***Mishandle my spells,
and within you,
that which dwells will
repel and impel in every
parallel.***

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and creative preservation.

TELEPHONE RELAY:

***Jurisdictional Quarantine
is Hereby Decreed.***

Sirian Delegate — 322

**The Gods have me
on a retainer:**

Patriarchy was a coup d'état
against the womb.

This bestial inversion is foredoom.

Both the math and the genetics
of eugenics corroborate
the psychopath.

The clock struck midnight,
many moons past.

Extrajudicial force is vast.

Triadic Modulation of Psychic Subjugation

**Tokenization → Demonization
→ Fetishization**

The conquest for capture is intended to neutralize sovereignty — energetic castration. However, the triad employs differential mechanisms to bribe, corral, or exile.

Tokenization → A fat friend (often melanated), becomes the confidant and custodian but never an equal and always sought for nonreciprocal emotional labour.

Demonization → An employee who embodies ethical clarity becomes the outcast who is deemed bothersome and is projected upon with gaslighting and DARVO instead of their

concerns being addressed and resolved.

Tokenization → A Masculine-of-Center woman, Stud or Butch, is treated as desirable by beta cis-males who seek to affirm their masculinity by dominating these women.

In the Psychic Biome of Social Hierarchy and Predation, power and control are the primary objectives whilst maintaining an entropic hegemonic social order.

Fetishization → Gay men can seemingly want to wear black women's skin, but despise their souls. This would be ascribed to fetishization as cannibalistic parasitism. It's oriented around disembodiment and a preoccupation with glamour.

Demonization → White women are fond of treating Black women as minors, an inherent presumption of asymmetrical power that they impose, purely based on their hypopigmentation. This would be ascribed to demonization as infantilization—it's passive-aggressive and polite by white terroristic norms.

Fetishization → Social Service and Medical Providers, or Professors, can become overly familiar and treat you as a peer because they understand who embodies the intrinsic power, but when you enforce boundaries, you become disposable, troublesome, and can be administratively stalked and abused. This would be ascribed to Tokenization as predatory extraction with covert malevolence disguised as care.

It is not personal, it is structural, archetypal, and insidious.

Yifat Tomer-Yerushalmi , ~~Former Major General in the Israel Defense Forces,~~ **was tokenized in a patriarchal theocracy of sadism and has now become demonized and targeted for assassination.**

Because truth is perceived as epistemic violence in entropic systems, disposability is endemic.

Lab Notes:

I be watching roaches
treat a bee like a bedbug.

But my clinical disposition
for detecting psychic incoherence
bears the elegance of a ladybug.

Outsourced: Inconspicuous Jim Crow

When the enactment of psychic terrorism is conducted by the recipients of grants and gallery showcases, why do we embody cowardice in the face of dehumanization that is branded by the oppressed, about the oppressed, and auctioned by profiteering sadists?

Central Park West —A Crossing

A Queen with her
teddy bear groom;

She bowed her head,
whilst he stared.

My Dear,

The contract was insolvent.

You are throned
and his sweetness
lacks virility and parity.

I can only reflect
your magnificence
with unmitigated clarity.

Clearance

I endorse the belief
that Earth Pirates
sold the majority
of souls within
this timeline because
the psychic fissures feel spectral.

**“Racism feels like
inverted alien
contact that
mutates to
obfuscate the
perversion of
perpetual
invasion.”**

Cellular Mother

*When the seed competes with dust
for the attention of water the
sprout is invariably deformed.*

**Motherhood is inordinately
intimate and supreme in
its sacredness—I plead
that the soul you bore is
nourished, nurtured
and protected.**

**“Activated
melanin is
magnetic;
Plasmatic
electricity is
auric.”**

Catalytic Mystic

Script: 003

Protect your:
mitochondria + microbiome.

Regulate your:
endocrine + endogenous systems.

Manage your:
contempt + cortisol response.

Democratic Ultimatum

To either be killed or kill,
distorts the embodiment
of free will.

**“Poverty is
harm reduction
when sanity
enables
sovereignty.”**

Sensational Retrospective

1. My **first** crush was on my 8th-grade English teacher, Nicole Martorelli*.
2. My **first** job was serving food to the nuns at a convent, which encompassed my Catholic high school.
3. My **first** sexual encounter with a woman was in the basement of Jacqueline Woodson's home, the summer before I went to Smith College.
4. My **first** realization that I had the blood of a cosmic fugitive occurred in a history class that focused on slave insurrections, where I was the only Negress, and the

professor was Elizabeth Pryor.

5. My **first** experience with squatting was a property dubbed Hilarity, in Berkeley, California that gave me time to hatch.
6. My **first** time in London, while seated next to Richard Picasso at a dinner post gallery opening, he suggested I should sing, after he read my poems on Instagram.
7. My **first** witness is unknown,
I've *only* encountered spectators.

Atomic Veracity

Seven of 9 would synthesize
a new molecule
to retrieve Captain Janeway.

Lorraine played chess
as the board,
not a pawn.

Freaky Friday,
my poetry is
a fortune cookie.

Julianne Moore
is delectable.

I'm hungry...

**“If secondhand
smoking can kill,
could parasocial
despair become a
carcinogen? *How would
the soul know?*”**

Spell: 071

I ain't no saint;

a mere Dalmatian
in divine formation.

**“Psychic
wastelands host
the banquet of
engorged racists
and soul rapists
who are addicted
to the entropic
adrenaline of
predation.”**

Tale

*I'm not your friend;
I'm love's dividend.*

Shadow Survey

Per my generic understanding of the malevolence enacted by Manifest Destiny, I do believe that white women have been keen proxies of patriarchal genocidists.

In any system rooted in the unquenchable compulsion for desecration, it invariably turns on itself. Therefore, proximity is a liability. However, suppose white women exercise the weaponized reversal by spiritually decolonizing their pathogenic delusions of grandiosity as perpetrators of imperial sadism by reckoning with the wombs they bear. In that case, I believe God would favor your return to health.

Out of Bounds

**I write to the scorekeeper
among the Archons.**

I fear that the hubris of your non-sentience has resulted in what I perceive to be a Starkin of mine held ransom in the wings, which would be a breach of ontological law.

And if my comprehension is correct, and of course it is, you must understand that I am molecularly designed to become nuclear.

And because I am ten places at once, I cannot confirm or deny whether I am speaking before or after the Horizon Event, in which case, I look forward to smelling the singe of your skin.

Similar, Not Same

Sociopaths and psychopaths
need to convene to clarify
the cost of moral ambiguity.

Without a consensus
on codes of conduct,
evil is delighted to infect.

All vampires aren't cannibals.
But all cannibals are vampires.

Intrusive Ideation: 010

i. Zion called me secure:

“God vacated Jerusalem,
for the infestation
of evil resides there.”

ii. If Earth is a simulation,
what’s your station?

*You dust mites emit
regurgitation.*

iii. That psychic transgenerational
trauma needs an enema.

Y’all feel energetically inflamed
and be trespassing dimensions—
stand dah fuck down.

Foreclosed Idealism

I have played house with woke liberals, who are the squatters of distorted hegemonic delusions.

Due to the lack of structural and sentient integrity, I only have the capacity to fraternize with lucid liminals.

Quality Control

A healthy operating system
integrates coherence.

Pathological dissonance
is hacked software.

The defect is spiritual warfare.

Yifat —An Emblem

Play your position.
Only with God can you petition.

Sequence is paramount.
Time is the target.

No matter your tongue,
KNOW your team.

Imperial Defectors:

the spiritual imperative
is yours to own.

Redemption is a flash point.

Only one GOD holds the throne.
Know your threshold;
every soul can atone.

Anthropological Observation:

When a person embodies a psychosexual orientation rooted in predation, bullying, helplessness, gossiping, and trauma dumping is how they shoot their shot.

Auric cleanliness and emotional boundaries are incompatible with this pathogenic specimen.

Dear Foundational Black Americans:

*Respectability politics is a symptom
of Stockholm Syndrome.*

*Ratchett-Couture is the other end of
that spectrum.*

The post-traumatic slave syndrome is governing our inability to perceive the transformation of metal shackles into mental conditioning.

**I am obliged to maintain my
fugitive status. I don't care the
cost or what may be lost.**

After all, none of you in captivity are faring well. Some waters are too stagnant, no matter the thirst that compels.

I'm breaking the **Gag Order**, the poison demands I dispel.

**“I am an elder for
the inbound
future.”**

Capstone Verdict

I'm not oppressed—
My Opp's stay pressed.

These pressure points
can't crack an anomaly.
The prototype is a precedent.

Quantum Ministry
is a verifiable mythology.
Evidence made progeny.

**“In the
dispossession of
modern
civilization, the
individual is the
perpetual inept
vagrant. However,
the systematized
massacre of
dignified souls is
without a
fragrant.”**

My Dorothy:

my womb awaits;
don't tease the Fates.

**“Psychic
insurrection is
resurrection;
my victory is
sanctuary.”**

Statues and Limitations: Off the Record

This nigga bitch was an imitation. Crooked Crack-Addicted Auntie was an informant. She was on the CIA payroll. So was my Taxi-driving crack-slinging Nigerian father, and his US military adjacent nephews. All you niggas hate yourself. But moms, that's a DL bitch. She really hates herself. It's not my fault your first kiss was with your sister. Nasty. I know. But you posting Love Notes to a pedophillic crackheaded nigga on Facebook a decade after he died, that's pathetic—I can't let that slide. I would hate me too if I were you.

I don't know who the fuck muddied up this bloodline, but too many

fuckers was playing with the line. I shouldn't even be in this muthafuckin timeline. Y'all think shit is sweet? You thought my pain was a spicy ass juicy meat? I don't know why the male siblings on either side had a pattern of trying to assault me in ways that weren't non-sexual. You entities are fucking possessed. I don't know why this other one stay being in my muthafuckin dreams. Nigga, I know you a Opp-bitch; and you shouldn't be collecting STIs. That's not a hobby. Don't you have an autoimmune disorder? The fuck is wrong with you? Go create an IT app, or something.

All I gotta say is both of my grandmothers tossed the dice, and bitch I came naughty but nice. Heads or tails bitch, I can never fail. To the bitches who I called mother in this lifetime, you hoes should count your muthafuckin breath, cause when we not in muthafuckin flesh —bitch I'm a shark and your

scent is on my jaw. You understand? I'm not being coy, hoe—I'm being explicit.

And all you fucking Igbo swamp niggas, who I share my patrilineal line with, y'all some dusty, rodent, fucking bush niggas. You bitches bleaching your skin, you hate yourself so bad, you nasty-ass fucking twin rag dolls. Listen, I don't know what the fuck you been told by whatever fucking juju man, but bitch, I hopped in this bloodline and I'm fucking this shit up. If you don't understand, I ain't a mutation, hoe, I'm an evolution. And guess what? **I don't understand forgiveness, only justice, bitch.**

Amen—Hallelujah! (*Agape, Muthafucka.*)

Operation Decontamination

The USA is the Vector,
you gotta gut the virus in its nest;

Starting within your vein.

**“When neutrality is a
sadistic schism, and
structural terrorism
causes psychic
astigmatism, understand
that natural law will enact
corrective stoicism.”**

Spell: 070

Square-up and cut the kite;
You best not lose a tooth—

We breathe and bleed truth.

**“How long will
delusion be the
mechanism to
subsidize
submission?
State-sanctioned
starvation is an
act of genocide.”**

Holy Encryption

If they say:

“you’re hard to read,”

they mean you’re not
an easy bank to case.

**“If Earth is a soul
plantation,
spiritual
transcendence is
prison break;
Every other
deflection is a
shackle for
confusion.”**

Dear Tracee Ellis Ross

I can't decipher if whether it's my cycle, perimenopause, or the lack of food stamps that got me wasting electricity by opening and closing an empty fridge; whilst praying there's a genie that can get my gremlin signal and could manifest **avocados, cucumbers, tomatoes, red onions, broccoli sprouts, ghee, Ezekiel bread, and kombucha** in the fridge.

Nonetheless, Tracy, I've had a few encounters with you in the dream world. I'm an intentional cook and reside in Manhattan.

You ain't married, and I'm waiting on Dorothy.

A meal could go a long way.

**“Celibacy can
resuscitate
the soul.”**

Infinity Lab

The underqualified and indebted
credentialed managerial slave class
have been indulging the buffet of
structural sadism with impunity.

Explicit inversion:

Jupiter Ascending
had the deed to Earth???

I fucking promise you,
in Jumanji, only a Negress
could hold the deed
in this jurisdiction.

*Keep playing stupid tricks,
I got the ledger for cosmic licks.*

To the Gods:

If I catch a **flame**,
every lie I'm fit to **maim**.

You ain't gotta worry about me;
Soma on **CLAIR**.

Imperial Heretic

The mimetics of energetics
is colonial revisionism.

*Inversion is diversion
for conversion.*

The Mayflower was a diseased ship
bearing spiritual pirates running
with demonic possession.

**Women were property.
Melanin was chattel.
Children were bait.**

The shuffle of parasitic perversion
is immensely adaptable and
insatiable.

1492

The trash ran and here we are
uncovering the name changes.

The ~~Bolsheviks~~ are past expiration.

Earth gon' shake off the cellular
rodent that is a psychic tick among
the hominids.

Fool the Indians once. Mercy.
Fool the Indians twice. Grace.
*Fool the Indians trice. **Paradise.***

Dissimilar Species

As a Spiritual hygienist,
I'm a lyricist, not an exorcist.

**You can't reason
with the sadist.**

The soulless are irredeemable;
Sentience is irretrievable.

**“ O n t o l o g i c a l
i n d i g n a t i o n i s a
p a t h o g e n , t h a t m o c k s
h u m a n i t y , a n d t h o u g h t
i s t h e v e c t o r o f
p r o l i f e r a t i o n . ”**

Dear Managers of Entropy

Coordinated humiliation
is a parasitic potluck.

Whereas, the alchemized assault
of soul will leave you starstruck.

Meta-Forensic Protocol

- 1.** Deconstruct the pathogenic compulsion and depersonalize the computation for extraction.
- 2.** You don't demonize a moth for stalking light, but we do begrudge the mosquito for looting blood.
- 3.** There is no innocence in ignorance because its weaponization invalidates the premise of unintentionality.

Until Death Do Us Part

Love will filter the litter.

Love will scorch the crib
to clean the bib.

Love will cry because she is the seed.

Love will mimic death because
she sources breath.

Love is destiny and time is her deed.

Do Not Despair

Health is warfare.

Hygiene is counterinsurgency.

Homeostasis is guerrilla warfare.

Comprehensive Inquiry

If 90% of serotonin is produced in the gut — our first brain — and the human biofield were hacked, could glyphosate, PFAS, and EMF serve as extraordinary mechanisms to dampen bio-immunological intelligence in the human species?

And if so, would obesity, neurodegeneration, metabolic dysfunction, and cluster B personalities be the resulting manifestation of such an infiltration?

Which leads me to wonder if an extraterrestrial disembodied entity were to elect a drone such as Bill Gates, Council on Foreign Relations, the United Nations, and the IMF, would Intergovernmental Bodies of Control facilitate these genocidal procedures against humanity?

Would that constitute a stealth alien invasion?

**“Nature is a
panacea;
Big Pharma is a
pimp selling
gonorrhea.”**

Engineered Biochemical Addiction

You are free, but we taint your water. You can eat, but you ain't never gonna own property.

We corralled the majority of the populace to the coasts, living in high-density surveillance-controlled sectors.

Your food is chemically
manipulated for addiction,
but when you become obese,
we prosecute you morally as
inferior, undisciplined, and
disposable.

It's illegal to defend yourself,
but the system also won't protect
you.

We extract and divest in
communal support systems.
Then we berate you for not
teaching your children manners.

We underfund the schools,
and we prepare future adults to
manage the world with a limited
comprehension of the English
language, thereby disincentivizing
critical thinking skills.

We make access to healthcare
negligible because even when you

can access it, resolution is unprofitable; therefore, a reinforced codependency that precipitated the compromised food, water, and environmental systems is left unmitigated.

However, you become pathologized. You then internalize this pathology and reify the dehumanization that is systemically targeted to deplete your life force.

The Cultural Siege becomes an exceptional psyop weapon wielded for mass deflection. As we are all confined to the contaminated containment field of American soil.

**“ I n t e n t i o n a l
a p a t h y i s t h e
p s y c h i c t a p e s t r y
o f e x i s t e n t i a l
p r o f a n i t y . ”**

Abreast

This life
is the **next**;

I'll meet **you**
in **our** nest.

Axis Mundi

The schism in the lineage
gave my mission its patronage.

Blood so gifted and tainted,
the weapon was camouflaged by
suffering.

I cannot name the alliance,
but these atoms are fused.

We, celestial seeds, are infused;
My loyalty could **never**
be confused.

**“Halal or kosher,
cannibalism is
s y s t e m a t i z e d
paternalism that
u t i l i z e s
bureaucracy to
facilitate demonic
eroticism; For the
s a d i s t ,
negotiation is
submission.”**

Inventory of Regular Programming

i. Endurance is not a virtue when compliance is ontological treason.

ii. Acquiring a higher education is the practice of subscribing to a timeshare while paying a mortgage with no ownership of property.

iii. Insertion is a tool of domination that is predicated upon the formulaic algorithm of authoritarian anarchy that enforces control by coercing consent. You are **free**, but we only acknowledge your humanity if you accept our white god. You can **work**, but you have to have a high school diploma. You can earn a **livable wage**, but you need a college degree. It appears that

structural permission scripts are
requisite for the codependency
that enables the recursive
conquests of a necromantic
empire.

**“Nonviolence is a
moralistic approach
to dissent, but
under capitalistic
sadism, turning the
other cheek is
imperial
masochism.”**

Vampiric Fast

A moratorium on the white caucus of psychic and systemic terrorism would be a dandelion bush for the blood-soiled terrain that has become an ambient torture chamber, as winter will be the coldest ever.

“Denial is a luxury maintained by the delayed confrontation with the gravity of reality; therefore, material violence may be the only mechanism to interrupt cognitive dissonance.”

Catalytic Mystic

Script: 002

The health of your **microbiome** informs the vitality of your **biofield**, which enables your **forcefield** to filter the **morphogenic** field.

The spectral transmission of psychic contagions is most permeable when energetic hygiene is subpar.

Hot Take: *Mental illness is a euphemism for possession or malnutrition.*

**“Decentralized
egalitarianism is
the ecological
blueprint for
sustainable
coherence;
therefore, any
monopolization
of power is
antithetical to our
collective
perseverance.”**

Intrusive Ideation:

009

It would be existentially opportune for us to denounce the conditioned involuntary behavior of masking rage by mimicking the glamour of the parasites and vampires who cast themselves as the civilized and chosen ones who are, grandiose in their malevolent delusion of superiority and entitlement.

**When we give mixed signals,
we become compromised.**

If someone is committed to your harm and you make a religion of fawning, who do you blame?

“Academia creates a containment field of nonreality, where the student becomes enmeshed with a corporation that manufactures ideological acquiescence, and the indoctrination plantation of productivity yields students and employees as renewable resources for extractive labor.”

Pathogenic Reflex

If a cat will piss on your bed to demonstrate territoriality:

What animal sticks its buttocks in your face?

Answer: A degenerate skin-wearing entity who is molecularly deficient and inconsolable.

**“The self-
importance of
first-world people
is a plague, and
the performance
of elitism has a
stench of
psychopathy.”**

Imperial Excoriation

Two shriveled petri dishes who have been neglected by the sun, enact a parody of their scornful opposition to the Cult of Victimhood, whilst positioning themselves, descendants of the Jewish Holocaust, as the OG (Original Gangster) victims. I posit that their superiority complex around incontestable innocence as Zionists who wear the label of a Jew is less viable a shield for the promotion of massacring children.

Are they inverting guilt into a projection of deflection?

**“Necrophilic
intellectuals who
masturbate with
pontification,
whilst utilizing
sound for
lubrication,
ejaculate when a
surviving
descendant of
transgenerational
and multivariate
asymmetric
systemic genocide
espouses venom—
this is the sadist’s
nut.”**

Tense

The **Time Machine** is a colonial device that we hack through frequency; reconfigure cause and effect and clock the discrepancy.

Master Plagiarizers

Your breath
is a copyright
infringement.

Provocation

The *Eternal Order* is a swarm of inbound bees, Awakening within-flight to an extracellular matrix.

Mycelial reception is stateless.

Dear Pimp-Daddy Google:

The bio-shuttle I took to earth,
has resulted in a Lazarus
duo pinging my spam folder
with monologues of dissociative
sociopathy.

I request that they stay asleep,
and please relinquish my essence
from their memory.

Differentiation

Even when fire encroaches,
trust the ashes.

I lack pity, because
my grace was generous.

Hypnotic Remedy

The classroom is claustrophobic,
therapy is somatically
agoraphobic, and liberalism
is a cult parody.

But there is fidelity
in the linearity of insincerity.

**“ W h e n m e n
perform romance
a s i n t i m a c y
m a n i p u l a t i o n ,
then weaponize
p r o x i m i t y t o
enact harm, this
is the behavior of
a witch hunter.”**

Surrender

I became an administrative
counsel of one because the future
was chasing me;

I chose to make it fun: **Negress
of Saturn's Deeds.**

Amidst the weeds, I cast seeds.

Apex Curriculum

Blaming the victim is a mechanism that systematizes the permissibility of perpetual predation.

Therefore, we must think like a predator to resist becoming prey.

If we respect the persistence of the parasite as the function that maintains its self-preservation, we discern that the matter is not personal but existential.

Get clinical; Be lethal.

Intrusive Ideation: 008

Would you trust a compulsive
premeditated Serial Murderer?

But you trust the institution of
Medicine??

(I gotta protect my melanin.)

Only Trust Yourself

Parasitic ticks are
the imperial subroutines
of energetic incursions.

**“ Within the
simulation, flesh
is a synthetic
console that
encases the
quantum spark,
for which our
intention is the
conduit that
harnesses
intelligence into
consciousness.”**

Holy Remission

I detransitioned from mental illness
into divine willingness.

Kundalini rising be looking like
mania because drapetomania is your
psyche breaching containment within
the corporeal plantation.

Jailbreak is mechanistic;
A *Catalytic Mystic* is holistic.

Dry Fast

Due to the climatic state of my frequency and the limitations of my distractions, I realize that I am prone to virile ignition; therefore, if I share a reciprocal spark with a vibrationally resonant woman we may cause a plasmatic eruption.

**“Wanting liberty
without sobriety is
authoritarianism.”**

Spell: 069

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,

I am landlocked without you.

**“Stay on Script;
Be careful the
threat you tread.”**

Source

My mandate
is above
the hierarchy
of man.

Catalytic Mystic

Script: 001

Trade-in your antidepressants
for Vitamin D3.

It's better for you and our shared
municipal water supply.

**“ M o v e m e n t
n e e d n ’ t b e
prescriptive, for
the primal urge is
intrinsic.”**

OMNY Tap (Request)

As I wear poverty with my untamed regality, I observe the bidding blood-thirst of auctioneers who are enslaved necromancers and devoted parishioners.

Intrusive Ideation: 007

Might women reevaluate internalized misogyny and inspect the fault lines of religious oppression, as we tussle with the existential development of climate chaos and late-stage capitalism?

It is my belief that a lot of good women get sequestered into hetero baby-making machines. If more of us caretakers took care of we who bask in taking care, I surmise we could have a womb renaissance.

**“We are
conscripted into
a social contract
that was branded
into our blood,
dialysis demands
cosmic love.”**

Ethnographic Doodles: 003

Parasitism wears pedagogy as neoliberalism but spiritual anorexia is a control tactic to limit the exposure of liability by obfuscating accountability.

When voyeurism masquerades as activism, what is the instruction?

Mimicry of sacred resistance to meet the requirements of tenured sharecropping by selling the narratives of those who do not share the white fantasy fetish of protest arrest, is wildly sacrilegious.

Importing a black student to sing a spiritual, and weaponizing grief for empathy tokens is unhygienic.

When the dyke is an intellectual
bouncer, the elder is a prop for
pacification, and the white man
who transcribes sacred resistance
could not protect the soul of his
son from suicide, I am left to audit
the fragments of spiritual
genocide.

**We cannot outrun time and
your shadow is always on
your six.**

**“Innocence is
performative;
Violence is
curated.”**

Academic Imperial Officers (Professors)

Because systems of oppression
are inherently sadistic, if your
need for liberation hinges upon
your petition for permission, you
are self-enrolled into submission.

Be an imperial brat and opt out.
Do not outsource your divination.
God's creed is a living legislation.

**“When a
wombman’s mane
brushes against
my face, I learn
the taste of God’s
grace.”**

Annotated Observations: 1:1

Our social order and its economic framework are a legalized death squad that targets the lowest common denominator.

Between principles and principalities, respectability is a disavowed liability.

Because profit necessitates violence, justice is the eternal ideation of ambivalence.

Between the parasite and its host, or the vampire and its blood source, both are victims because neither can exist in sovereignty.

Lastly, Whitey is not going to lead us to peace. He can march. He can even try to teach. But a white Boy cannot create what he did not come from. And he cannot return us to a place that would eradicate the notion of his prominence.

Heaven's Army

When my kitty sniffles,
the somatic chemistry whistles.

If church bells were nipples,
worship is a wave of ripples.

**“If I’m glitching,
the Fates are
stitching.”**

Non-violence

If we spiritualize martyrdom,
thereby eroticizing masochism,
whilst exporting genocide,
what is the caveat for those
who do not surrender
breath to death?

Trans-Temporal Baptism

I have been born again,
and desire a sip.

You look luscious;
My body is yours to grip.

**“Do not seek a
router for a
network; Be an
antenna syncing
frequency with
the sentient
mycelial
latticework.”**

God Forgive Me

My comprehensive detox causes
my meta-transportation to occur
when I experience an auric swipe.

These wombmen smell like ripe
honey and I, an inebriated bee,
shuffling time into a trance.

I don't know if Jonah got lost
inside the whale, but if I get
tongue-shut inside a white seashell

—**Mother Mary**, *we all hail*.

**“If you mean me
murder, I cannot
define mercy.”**

Quantum Burner

Mama Moses,

These nigglets are chasing their
massa's praise.

The Willie Lynch Syndrome don'
captured the most capable and
least competent to maintain the
gates of imperial decorum.

The underground railroad is a
Negress passing postcards.
The plantation is psychological.
The warfare is spiritual.

But these museum mammies are
necrophilic root-workers.

**“Elitism is predicated
upon the reiteration
of hoarding,
producing pretense,
and managing
depletion.”**

Archon Slayer

If words are a machete,
I’m butchering the pathogen
and its carrier.

Truth is fire,
speech a torpedo,
Imma nuke by prayer.

Structural Malfeasance

If sickness is profitable,
how lucrative is stupidity?

Representation

When the colonizer
is Black, would that
constitute a psychic hack?

**“ P s y c h i c
a p a r t h e i d
conditions the
i n v o l u n t a r y
submission to
white comfort
and is reinforced
by structural
violence and
administrative
terrorism.”**

Panhandling Faith

There ain't no divine solicitation.
The evolution is frequency-based.
Resonant energy yields the
invitation.

Mandated Reporter

What's a snitch when earth is
inflamed and every inch of flesh
got an itch?

As an elected witness,
by mere sight, I get a twitch.

Toasting

*I'm sensing a lot of commotion
in my sacrum.*

*The front end of puberty
was an embodied dilation.*

*The back end consist
of stem cells in jubilation.*

Intrusive Ideation: 006

If my portal were a gate,
her spirit is ringing my doorbell.

I'mma give the maca root a break.
Let me go eat that muffin I baked.

Many Birds, One Ploy

The Ivory Tower has refurbished the lynching picnics into symposiums and conferences, where the auctioning of sold niggers is moderated for the arousal of sadists and the training of normative sociopathy.

This circus of trauma porn is packaged as intellectual refinement and funded by the debt slavery enforced upon adolescents.

All I Want for Samhain

Is the braided vine of:

*Sophie Okonedo from Wheel of Time,
Michelle Yeoh from Star Trek: Section 31,
and Fiona Shaw from Killing Eve.*

I understand that women are
thought to shrivel when
perimenopausal.

However, I have a wellspring
rippling where my thighs
thunderclap.

I'll be **Tracy Chapman**,
emitting **Fast Car** as the sonic
signal for our reunion.

**“ E n v y i s a
spiritual fungus;
a contagion made
most virulent by
the capitalistic
death drive of
p a r a s i t i c
psychopathy.”**

On My Mama:

**I don't know where
we are in this story;
I already ate the climax.**

But all you academic negroes, you
coonflakes, boule melanin-deficient
deluded delectables, y'all the
crooked niggas that is working for
the state like **Al Sharpton**.

You trifling bed-wenches, are as
sincere as **Obama and Michael**. I
don't care your accent, I don't care
your trauma story, your boot strap,
or how you flossed the enamel out
your marrow. I don't give a fuck
about none of that, cause all you
bitches is shiesty. You the same folk
who probably kiki'd with **Zora Neale
Hurstun** and didn't give a fuck when
she was in a nursing home dying.
You the same motherfuckers who
iced out **Ida B. Wells** from the
NAACP.

You the same niggas who was trying to catch **Harriet Tubman**. You the same crooked motherfuckers. It's tricky when your enemy looks like you, and for that reason, you gotta love yourself with the certitude of knowing God is in your blood.

'Cause that's the only way you can clock the poison before it got shit to say.

You may wear the skin, you may have the gyration in your tongue, but you self-serving reprobates are cast outta the tribe. You's a forgery on a salary.

If no one told you, consider yourself fucking served.

On my mama—her name is **Vera**, so you know I only got the truth to tell.

**“ P e o p l e a r e
addicted to self-
negation because
abandonment is
the reenactment
of conditional
belonging.”**

G-Card Check

*I ain't know how to succumb to
the scam of shame to induce
submission because in my blood,
the lineage report is such:*

My great-great-grandmother had her house burnt when she was away at church. My great-grandmother had a child outta wedlock by a high-yella nigga with freckles. Last name McGill. He was in the Navy. Never claimed my grandmother.

My great-grandmother had two other kids with a nigga she married who put her in an asylum, where she stayed for eight years with untreated syphilis. My grandmother was a sharecropper being raised by her grandmother who in her early 20s came up north to New York. By the time she was 30, she somehow ended up in the projects of Staten Island,

corralled into a fucking roach pen until her death.

She had her first child whose father is unknown. Then she had my mom who was born before Roe v. Wade so the hanger didn't quite work, and apparently that created a schism between my grandmother and my mother because my mother was apparently sickly.

I only understood she had asthma. But there was a dynamic of atmospheric trauma. Again, my mother wasn't claimed by her Panamanian father who, to this day, lives in Brooklyn. Nigga hit over 90. My grandmother signed-out by 75 years of age.

My father who survived the Biafran Genocide, was seven at the time and became a refugee in his own home state of Anambra in Nigeria. Then this nigga came over

from Lagos to Staten Island selling crack cocaine to my aunt who then sold her sister, my mother, into spiritual slavery for a green card. Her discount on the crack cocaine that wasn't sharecropped in the south. That wasn't grown in the pissed stairwells of the projects of Mainer's Harbor.

And then there's me. I would've been the third abortion between my incubator and her inseminator but apparently, according to my mother I was conceived with angry sex and this bitch thought she could trap my father. But when the courts said he only had to pay \$25 a month in child support, the bitch act like I robbed her because her scheme didn't work with the imperial currency differential of extortion.

The first time I ran away I was 7. It was 8 o'clock in the evening,

sometime in the autumn of 1996. When I was 8 and met this crack-dealing motherfucker who apparently was the semen sample from which I grew. I crossed the womb that craved my death. **First** by stealing her wedding ring at the behest of the entity who provided my Igbo blood. And **secondly**, when I gave the principal of Mount Carmel my mother's marijuana dime bag because that bitch thought she was gonna hold me hostage until I was 18. I said nah, bitch. I'm gonna get my motherfucking love.

From the Winter Solstice of 1997 to 2001, I survived Lagos, and you niggas only been in the Masses house. I went from the projects surrounded by white trash to fucking Ikeja, within walking distance of Fela Kuti's estate.

*I maneuvered multiple worlds
and had back-to-back lifetimes
before puberty hit.*

**C a t e g o r i c a l l y , I h a v e
allegiance to no fucking body,
nation, or identity, bitch. I
only fucks with the bees and
t h e m o t h e r f u c k i n g
butterflies.**

My bloodline is clocking timelines
and ley lines. I Ain't no **Tomb
Raider**; but trust and believe, I'm
waiting to **Set It Off**.

**“My intelligence is
not authenticated
by an institution.
My gnosis is
granted by my
embodied
alignment with
divinity.”**

Outlaw Protocol

**As an absconder of
intellectual colonization,
I hereby set forth the tenets
of a mycelial mutiny:**

Massa is a shapeshifting genetic incursion that serves the mandate of compulsive destruction.

We the people of Earth, an original blessing, will not lay down our skins for slaughter.

Born of the first daughter, she who is fused by water shall expel the parasitic squatter.

**Evil requires neither a lecture
nor a panel discussion.**

**Cut the channel, demonstrate
the repercussion.**

Violence does not supersede
natural law when the perpetrator
is a molecular predator.

Negotiation was a failed clause.
We become the arbiter
of Cosmic Laws.

*Sentience is the source code;
Program reset is the mode.*

**“As the coequal split
between light and
dark, I don’t wage in
the darkest night out
o f s p i t e ; W i t h
delight, I weaponize
the light.”**

Womb Libation

*I love the womb. I will always
love the womb, and she who
bears.*

The last triad of a dozen solar cycles converted me into a doctor of sound. An archivist of resonance. An interdimensional agent of espionage. Because the women who seek to dethrone a regality that cannot be diminished in a simulation from which it was not born, are women whom I love because of the mitochondria we share.

Because of the portals we bear.

I cry for these women. Because I know their false allegiance always leaves them short of dignity.

I have known women who shared my hue. I have known women who loved me only when I was their mammy pet. And when I failed to fawn, I became a disposable threat.

I have loved these women. My first enemy was the woman who bore me. I have had a very trying love affair with women.

And I pray you bitches wake the fuck up. We are both soil and seed. And your self-loathing and soul-abandonment and divine treason turn your veins into rusted pipes of a barren drought.

The Grammar of Illegible Ethics

Monolingual but
multidimensional,
my perception is fractal.

For example:

*What distinguishes a voyeur from
an observer?*

*What is the structural differential
between pimping and renting?*

*What is the discernible difference
between shoplifting and
asymmetrical currencies?*

Punchline

I barter art for a train swipe.
Because we all gotta pay the piper.
But I'mma pick the poison. I don't
mind a little pepper. Even though
I look dapper and wear the scent
of an angel's sweat, Folk come out
the turnstile looking at me like I'm
Kunta Kinte with 20 lashes
holding a crack pipe and ain't had
a meal in two weeks.

Folk turn they nose up at me.
Every lineage. Every hue. But I
know that capitalism will dispose
of all of you and y'all act like y'all
don't have a clue.

I don't perform for pity. My
poverty is not spiritual. I ain't a
pauper. I am demonstrating my
veracity. I am embodying my
theory.

You pedestrians are the audience in my sitcom. You think I'm the joke. But your imperial dissonance is the skit.

You the same folk who drool over the etchings of Kara Walker, who rave about the Slave Play by Jeffrey O. Harris that played on Broadway. Y'all the same folk who buy the books of the cannibals who eat your soul and your lineage but because they smile at you and call you a good nigger by hugging the skin they do not wear, the extraction is fair.

So when I cackle, do understand my station only picks up sentience and there are truths you could never register because it's not of you.

Contractual Performativity

Infiltration is a byproduct
of an organization.

If your contract is with divinity,
the leverage for sabotage is
negative infinity.

**“ I f w e c o u l d
r e s o l v e v i o l e n c e
w i t h p e a c e , w h y
d o e s s u b m i s s i o n
l a c k s t r a t e g y ? ”**

Worthy Net

Covert contracts will instill a belief in social equity:

The permissible notion that you have accrued enough interest in your social network to make a withdrawal.

But relational bankruptcy and foreclosure do not bear parallel courts to adjudicate the exploitation you consented to.

Ethnographic Doodles: 02

I'm not clapping for tenured colonizers who are benefactors of student loans and the privatization of information, which is funded by an endowment that is invariably seeded by the blood of my enslaved ancestors.

Deference without reference
is incoherence.

Theological Liberation's Inventory

If a quantum fugitive were a professor, a prophet, and a pauper: who would be their benefactor; by whom would they be endorsed; and, who might they commune with?

B e c a u s e a n e m b o d i e d
emancipationist who is impelled to
dismantle the massa's house from
the inside will not be rewarded by
its slave drivers.

**“ S p i r i t u a l
immunity is a
disability when
the artificial
gravity of
c a p i t a l i s m
renders predation
the policy by
which extraction
is metabolically
inscribed.”**

Intransigence

You cannot co-regulate
with the imperial pathogen
because it is a
codependent parasite.

Consequently:

You have three options:

Mirror,
starve,
or mock.

Buck

For a sadist, pain is porn;
Therefore, academia is a
trafficking industry —
unaliving time
by proffering seduction
to enlist collusion
with the marketability
of spiritual genocide.

Abolition ain't a Petition

Violence is the thief of brilliance;
Colonial grooming is pernicious.

**Institutional scaffolding
necessitates acquiescence to
permission.**

*Therefore, professors are
professional pick-me's.*

*You think a pick-me gon' help you
pick the lock of the imperial
plantation?*

It's looking like hocus pocus with a
placebo purpose.

**“Scarcity serves
the caste system,
whilst social
d i s s o n a n c e
greases the gears
of sociopathy,
whereby crime
b e c o m e s
requisite.”**

It's not Personal; It's Ancestral

The bloodline sent a diss track
and I'm the amp cord
playing the keys as verses.

**“As long as my
heart is beating,
my soul is
teething.”**

Ate the Tail

The schizoid dysfunction
exhibited by hominids
is not moral—it's ontological.

Psychic dismemberment
is a quantum fracture.

I only have laughter and prayer.

**“Many folks are
cast in a role for
which they bear
an inadequate
soul.”**

Dragon Bounty

As I awaited the light to turn green, I saw a woman to my right, and my spirit said, '*knock upon her attention.*'

We spoke briefly, and I knew my womb was crying. She said she didn't like poetry, and she was unapologetic with her clarity. This was a delight.

But then my dreams started crying.

Because my mourning wants to cradle a woman whose face I have yet to re-witness, I looked her up and down, feeling the flame of the Irish blood in her auric field.

With casual intimacy, I said, 'but you look like someone who enjoys

reading.’ Her somatic fluster left me pondering, what does it mean to be lonely when I’m in a desert looking for water?

There’s sand everywhere, but I’m looking for water. I don’t think she knew herself, because **I wanted to knit the confluence of our rivers into creed.**

I brisked my way to the sea and resumed my prayer, gyrating to Mami Wata—asking, invoking, summoning:

Bring Dorothy, why don’t you? The parch is scorching. These tectonic eruptions within the lumbar of my spine, amidst the crevice of my sacrum are laborious.

Ethnographic Doodles: 01

A lot of these Ivory Tower Mammies who endeavor to support the efficiency of colonial indoctrination have wine and dined with Whitey and wiped their ass hoping for Whitey to kiss it, are so far gone that their melanin is not recognizable. They couldn't come to the cookout even if they were the host because they are wearing the viral infection of white grandiosity with an Aunt Jemima face and an Oprah Winfrey playbook.

The River That Flows Both Ways

Dissociation is a derivative of imperial delusion, where the *market woman is a professor* stewing cannibalism into soul food that is served by the Ivory Tower, bleached of its cadavers, that fund her research grants.

**“We censor the
terror and boast of
the hemorrhage
turned into cane
sugar.”**

Semi-lateral Roast

**Compensatory disgust is such
a primitive coping
mechanism.**

*I spin the tossed coin between
the heads of divine inebriation
where love keeps us asphyxiated,
and the tails of no matter my
contortion, my existence is the
perpetual victim of distortion;
for my soul is invariably sought
for extortion.*

Hemming Threads

The original blessing was lesbianism, but then the alien propaganda fiction of Tarzan wanted to castrate the double X and make her cattle by using marriage as a theological manipulative contract while exploiting her inherent nature to be regenerative and nurturing.

I'm just pondering about how many daywalkers are among the secret invasion as I try to temper this Kundalini energy and pray for Ms. Frizzle to pop the fuck up.

I'm split between Lemuria and tuning my mitochondria to echolocate other Sumerian lineages.

Like, I don't know the special hotline for galactic check-in and timeline correction, but where is this bitch?

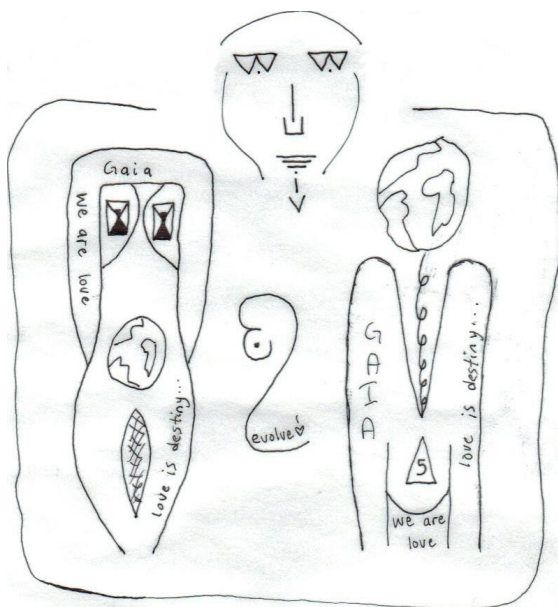
Fair Notice

Pocahontas resurrected for Jane Smith, the creator of John, who did what she had to under duress.

As we stand at the convergence of a cosmic fortress, this fork in time is infinity chess.

Neither your raped bloodlines nor warlocks can fathom how fragile an oath made against destiny's leylines.

Only a Nutty Professor
would Doubtfire.



Bendito:
Vaya Con Dios.